

The Hunting of the Hare; With her last Will and Testament.

As 'twas performed on Bamstead Downes,
By Conny Catchers, and the'r Hounds.

To a pleasant new Tune.

Of all delights that earth doth yield
Give me a pack of Hounds in field
Whose echo shall throughout the sky,
Make Jove admire our Harmony,
and wish that he a mortal were,
to view the Pastime we have here.

I will tell you of a rare Scent,
Where many a gallant horse was spent
On Bamstead Downes a Hare we found,
Which lead us all a smoking round,
o're Hedge and Ditch a way she goes,
admiring her approaching foes.

(waits,

But when she found her strength to
She parly'd with the Hounds at last:
Kind Hounds (quoth she) forbear to kill
A harmless Hare, that nere thought ill;
and if your Master sport do crave,
I'll lead a Scent as he would have.

Hunts-man.

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make hast I say, and get thee gone:
Else I'll give the Law for half a mile,
To see if thou canst us beguile:
but then expect a thundering cry,
made by us, and our harmony.

Hare.

Now since you set my life so flight,
I'll make Black-boden turn to white,
And Yorkshire Gray, that runs at all,
I'll make him wish he were in Stall:
and Doyrel, he that seems to fly,
I'll make him supple ere he dye.

Let Barnards Bay do what he may,
Or Barrons Bay, that now and than,
Did interrupt me on my way,

I'll make him neither set nor play
or constant Robin, though he lye
at his advantage, what care I.

Will. Hatton he hath done me wrong,
He struck me as I ran along,
And with one pat made so soje,
That I ran reeling too and fro;
but if I dye his Master tell
that fool shall ring my passing-bell.
Hounds.

Alas, poor Hare! it is our nature
To kill thee, and no other creature,
For our Master wants a bit,
And thou wilt well become the spit;
h'l eat thy flesh, we'l pick thy bone,
this is thy doom so get the gone.

Hare.

Your Master may have better cheer,
For I am dry and butter's dear:
But if he please to make a friend,
He's better give a Waddings-end;
for I being kil'd, he sport will lack,
& I must hang on Hunts-man back.
Hounds.

Alas Poor Hare! we pity thee,
If without nature 't would agree;
But all thy dabling shifts I fear,
Will not prebail, thy death's so near
then make thy will, it may be that
may save thee, or I know not what!
Hare.

Then I bequeath my body free,
Unto your Masters court'se:
And if he please my life to grant,
I'll be his game when sport is want;
but if I dye, each greedy hound
divided my entrails on the ground.

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I Mprimis, I bequeath my head
To him that a fair fool doth wed:
who hath before her maidenhead lost
I would not have the Proverb cross,
which I'be hard amongst many giblets,
let the Hares head 'galust the Gose
(giblets.

Item, I do give and bequeath
To Men in debt (after my death)
My subtle scent, that so they may
Beware of such an would betray
them to a miserable fate,
by Blood-hounds from the Comp-
(ter-gate.

Item, I to a Turn-coat give
(That he may more obscurely live)
My swift & sudden doablings, which
will make him politick and rich
though at the last with many wound:
I wish him kild by his own hounds.

Item, I give into their hands, (lands,
That purchase Dean and Chapters
By wretched jealousies and fears,
Sift with the salt of Orphans tears
that long verations may preceed,
to plague them and their Heirs for
(ever.

Before I dye (for life is scant)
I would supply Mens proper want,
And therefore I bequeath unto
The scriv'ner (give the devil his due)
that Forgeth, Swears, & then For-
(swears,
(to save his credit,) both my ears.

I give to some bequeathered man,
My skin to make a Jacket on:
And I bequeath my fat to they
That shortly mean to run away:
(dumb,
when Truth's speaker, falsehood's
fores must fly, when Lyons come.

To Fiddlers (for all trades must live)
To serve for strings, my guts I give
For Gamsters that do play at rut,
And love the sport, I give my skint
but last of all (in this sad dump)
to Tower-hill I bequeath my Rump
Hounds.

Was ever Hounds so basely cross,
Our Masters call us off so fast,
That we the scent have almost lost,
And they then must rule the roost,
therefore kind Hare we'll pardon
Hare. (you,
Thanks gentle Hounds, & so advise.

And since your Master hath pardon'd
I'll lead you all to Banbury, (me
Where John Turner hath a large room
To entertain all Guests that come,
to laugh & quaff in Wine & Beer,
a full Carouse to your Call'd.e.
F I N I S.